



NO LADY

ANONYMOUS

B 32018

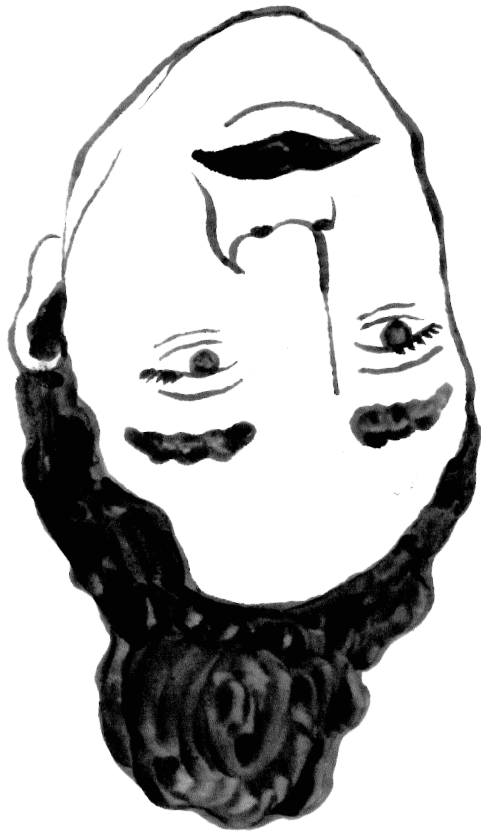
NO LADY

BY ANONYMOUS

REPRINTED FROM THE CHICAGO SEED (1981)

**NO LADY
PRISON DIDN'T
IMPROVE ME
NONE.**

**THERE WAS TEN
OF US GIRLS IN
THE COUNTY JAIL
FIVE WHITE, FIVE
BLACK AWAITIN'
TRIAL FOR SELLIN
SHIT.**



**THE WHITE GIRLS,
THEY ALL ON
PROBATION.
US BLACK GIRLS,
WE ALL GO TO
DWIGHT. ME,
THREE MONTHS
GONE.
AN I ASK MYSELF
SITTIN ON THEM
CONCRETE**

**BENCHES IN THE
COUNTY.
HOW COME? HOW
COME ME AN MY
SISTERS GOIN TO
JAIL
AN THE WHITE
GIRLS GOIN BACK
TO COLLEGE?
THEIR MOTHERS
COME IN HERE AN**

**WEEP – THEY GET
PROBATION.
MY MAMA COME
IN HERE – NOSE
SPREAD ALL OVER
HER FACE – SHE
WEEPIN TOO
BUT I GOIN TO
DWIGHT
AN I THINK ABOUT
THAT – BUT I**

**DON'T COME
UP WITH NO
ANSWERS.
AIN'T GOT NO
MONEY FOR A
LAWYER.
HELL, I COULDN'T
EVEN MAKE BAIL.
MET THE
DEFENDER FIVE
MINUTES BEFORE**



**MY TRIAL
AN I DONE WHAT
HE SAID. DIDN'T
SEEM LIKE NO
TRIAL TO ME, NOT
LIKE T.V.
I DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND
NONE OF IT.
SIX MONTHS TO A
YEAR THEY GIVE**

**ME...
THEY RIDE US OUT
THERE IN A BUS.
SEE MY PLAYIN'
THE GAME – GOIN
TO CHARM CLASS
AN THE BODY
DYNAMICS,
(TO LEARN MY
FEMININE ROLE)
AN I TAKE**

KEYPUNCHIN, AN I
DO REAL WELL.
MY BOYFRIEND,
HE COME TO SEE
ME TWICE, AND
THEN HE STOP
COMIN'
AN WHEN I HAVE
THE BABY, I GIVE IT
UP.
WEREN'T NOTHIN

ELSE FOR ME TO
DO.
THEY GIVE ME
TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLAR WHEN I
GET OUTTA THERE
AN I WEARIN MY
WINTER CLOTHES
IN JULY, AN
EVERYONE KNOWS
WHERE I COMIN

**FROM
SIX MONTH I
TRY TO FIND A
JOB, MAKE IT
STRAIGHT.
BUT THE MAN WHO
GIVE THE JOB, HE
SAY I FLUNK THAT
TEST.
SHEET MAN, I
DIDN'T FLUNK**

**THAT TEST.
YOU THINK I'M
A CRIMINAL. I
DONE MY TIME,
BUT YOU AIN'T
RECLASSIFIED ME.
I ALWAYS BE A
CRIMINAL TO
YOU...
ONE OF THE
COUNSELORS**

**SAY I “MENTALLY
ILL,” I NEEDS
TREATMENT.
TWO HOURS
A WEEK THEY
GIVE ME GROUP
THERAPY.
THE OTHER
HUNDRED AND
FIFTEEN, THEY
LOCK ME UP —**

**LIKE AN ANIMAL.
AN I AIN’T GOT
NO NEUROSIS
NOWAYS.
SHEET, IT’S THIS
PLACE MAKE YOU
ILL...
OTHER NIGHT, I
TOOK SICK WITH
THE CRAMPS;
THERE WEREN’T**



**NO DOCTOR 'TIL
MORNIN.
HE POKE ME IN
THE SORE SPOT AN
SAY,
“GIRL — YOU JUS
WANNA GO TO THE
HOSPITAL. GET
YOU SOME TEA AN
TOAST.”
TEA AN TOAST!**

**MY GIRLFRIEND
— SHE DIE OF
DIABETES, BEFORE
THEY DO ANYTHIN
FOR HER.
SHE COME OUTTA
HERE IN A BOX.
LOOKS LIKE IT
WON'T BE NO
DIFFERENT FOR
ME.**

**THAT'S HOW IT IS,
LADY.
NO. PRISON
DIDN'T IMPROVE
ME NONE.**



